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THE INDIANAPOLIS JOURNAL
Can be found at the following places:
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In a few States bounties have been offered to stimulate the beet-sugar industry, but Kentucky offers \$100,000 to stimulate the development of poultry.
Chicago papers of yesterday mention the fatal shooting of an ex-elderman of that city by an ex-senator in the latter's saloon. Municipal reform seems to be somewhat dilapidated up that way.

What has become of the elevated track ordinance? If it is to be enforced the mayor should take steps in that direction. If it is to be abandoned the efforts and eloquence of the city attorney have been wasted.

It is said now that Goebel was not, after all, the author of the infamous measure known as the Goebel bill. Can it be that Kentucky Democrats have enough decency left to wish to clear the memory of a dead man?

The average of commodity prices has advanced in London from 32.2 in July, 1896, to 73.1 in February of this year, equivalent to 27 per cent, which is not much different from the advance in this country. Some would say that instead of an advance in the prices of commodities of 27 per cent, gold has depreciated to that extent.

That lone robber who successfully "held up" a train in Missouri took great chances. If he had been captured or shot, as he deserved, every one would have said it was a matter of course and that he was a fool as well as a rascal. As it is, a good many people will cherish a sneaking admiration of his daring, and the boys who secretly intend to become bold bandits will increase in numbers.

Prof. Flugge, a German experimenter, has discovered that a man in the act of speaking distributes germs throughout a considerable space surrounding him. In the brief account given it is not explained whether the germs are those of oratory or of the disease which the speaker happens to have about him at the time. But don't let the Board of Health find out about this, or we may have frog speech cut off.

Not much is known of Governor Steuenberg, of Idaho, but he deserves credit for the manly fashion in which he assumes the sole responsibility for the action of the military in connection with the Coeur d'Alene mining troubles. He wants it distinctly understood that, as chief executive of the State, he is responsible for all acts done under his orders, and that he does not wish to unload or divide it with anybody. It is always refreshing to see a man willing to take the music.

The principal of one of the normal schools of Maine, a prohibitionist, has declared against the scheme of teaching scientific temperance in the public schools. He gives it as his judgment that nothing can be more absurd than to undertake to teach children the physiological effect of alcohol, or, for that matter, of anything else, the great argument being that of intoxicating drinks being moral, rather than physiological. Educators in this State are known to hold the same opinion.

The ceremonies held, yesterday, in New York, in honor of the beginning of work on the underground railroad were marked by a dignity in keeping with the magnitude and importance of the undertaking. A silver spade, provided for the occasion, was used to move the first soil, and the mayor, the contractor and each of the members of the rapid transit commission used it in turn. The ground was broken in City Hall Park, and a commemorative tablet will mark the spot.

There has been some criticism lately of the action of the secretary of war in granting concessions to certain parties to dredge and wash the gold-bearing sand in the bed of the ocean off Cape Nome, Alaska. It was charged that the secretary had shown favoritism and that the operation would trespass on the rights and destroy the property of those who had claims along the beach and running down to the water line. The secretary's explanation shows there is nothing in the charge. The proposed dredging operations will be in and beneath the water and will not interfere with the land claims. The curious feature of the case is that all the sand along the beach and at the bottom of the ocean along that part of the coast is rich in gold. Beyond a limit of three miles from the coast any person might explore the bed of the ocean for gold without asking permission, but within the three-mile limit of international law the permission of the government is necessary, and as Alaska is under military control the permit must come from the secretary of war. From all accounts an immense amount of gold will be taken from Cape Nome during the coming season, and as the operations along the coast and under the water do not conflict there is no reason why both should not be prosecuted.

President Gompers's allusion to the Debs injunction as an illustration of the evils of that method is unfortunate. Mr. Debs

entered into a conspiracy to tie up the railroad system of the country because of a grievance of some of the men employed in the Pullman car manufacturing. It was his plan to hold up the business of the whole country until the Pullman Company acceded to his terms. The power he arrogated to himself was greater than any ruler ever assumed in the United States. The United States courts simply directed him not to interfere with railroads in the hands of federal receivers and others carrying the mails. He did not obey the courts, and was punished for contempt of court. Mr. Gompers talks of trial by jury; he should know that such a trial takes time, and while it was in progress Mr. Debs's followers and the mobs which took advantage of his holdup of the railroads and defiance of authorities would have given Chicago over to anarchy and other cities to lawlessness, paralyzing industry and causing widespread suffering. The injunction may sometimes be employed by local courts where it should not be, but in the case of the Debs strike it was the only remedy to check widespread disaster. In an issue between the public welfare and the autocratic exercise of power by Mr. Debs the injunction was the only and the proper remedy.

AN INSPIRING FIGURE.
Despite the fact that the publication known as the Official Records of the War of the Rebellion has reached its 124th volume, the last issue is one of the most valuable in that it contains the official dispatches and letters passing between the authorities in Washington and elsewhere and the Governors of States relative to drafts, enlistments and the internal disturbances during the year 1863. To the people of Indiana the story which can be gleaned from the volume affords cause for pride and congratulation. The correspondence from Governor Morton and the federal officers in Indiana does not cover much space in this volume of 1,200 pages, but the brief dispatches of the former present a striking contrast to those of officials in other States. In a State which was the center of local hostility to the Union cause and beset with manifold dangers which were sufficient to break the spirit of men of more than ordinary courage, Oliver P. Morton uttered no minor note. His brief dispatches to Secretary Stanton must have been to the sorely tried Lincoln and Stanton a source of encouragement amidst so many doubtful utterances and timid complaints. To-day these dispatches have the inspiration of the bugle-blast of a leader confident of victory.

To-day's papers contain accounts of the presentation, on the part of the senators of Indiana in behalf of the State, of the statue of one of the two conspicuous Indians to be placed in the national Capitol, and it is fitting that allusion should be made to a few of the dispatches which are heroic features in the records of a gloomy period. True, it was the year of the surrender of Vicksburg and of the battle of Gettysburg; nevertheless, it was a period of general distrust, and one in which the anti-Lincoln politicians were able to do the greatest mischief. In June, 1863, when the Confederates were making raids into Indiana, and when "making raids seems to be their settled policy," Governor Morton does not ask for troops, but for "carbines, pistols and sabers" to arm a cavalry company in that border county, "the cavalry heretofore raised for defense having gone into the field long ago." June 29, after Morgan's purpose was disclosed, Governor Morton telegraphed Secretary Stanton: "Send me at once 25,000 arms and at least twelve pieces of field artillery. I can arm and organize the state forces rapidly, and it must be done." The State invaded and all its troops, beyond the State's share, in the field, Governor Morton makes no appeal for troops, as the Confederate leaders expected he would, but calls for arms. In marked contrast is the action of this self-reliant and resolute leader to that of the executive of a State in which there was less danger, who appealed to the secretary of war to send him from the armies in the field six regiments to overawe the conspiring copperheads.

About this time a draft was necessary to obtain the quotas of several Eastern States to fill a call for 100,000 men. When that call was made Indiana had to its credit 28,601 men in excess of the number required by previous calls. After being credited with its quota under the last call, which required 28,883 men, Indiana had 1,668 men to its credit. If other States had put as many men into the armies in the field as did Indiana up to July 4, 1863, there would have been no cause for conscription, which was a fearful setback to the Union cause and the source of great encouragement to rebel sympathizers in the North. Nor did Governor Morton cease his efforts to raise troops because he had furnished all the troops required of Indiana. The President desired more men, and that was enough. Aug. 20, in a three-line dispatch, he notified the secretary of war of "the organization of four regiments of six months' men," and that "the Seventh Cavalry has 600 men in camp." There was prospect of another call of 200,000, but still ahead of the requirements, the Governor, who was terribly in earnest, did not wait, but on the day after the battle of Chickamauga telegraphed the secretary of war: "I have issued a call for four regiments of cavalry and eleven regiments of infantry, and have every prospect of raising them speedily," and this in a State in which the Legislature had refused to advance a dollar. "I will move everything to raise the regiments, and I believe I can," is the substance of another dispatch. In May, 1863, when a conscription was being discussed and many feared the consequences because a considerable number of quite prominent men were already denouncing President Lincoln as a tyrant who had deprived the people of their liberties, Governor Morton telegraphed the secretary of war: "I recommend that the conscription be put through with the utmost dispatch; make it large."

The foregoing are examples of the emphatic and terse dispatches which Governor Morton sent to the authorities in Washington. Once in a while he shows impatience because of what seems to him to be delay, but never did he ask of the President an extension of time to furnish men or seek to fill the quota of Indiana by going outside the State for men or by seeking credits for the names of men who would not add a fighting man to the thinned regiments in the field. Of the men who were most useful in saving the Union, whether soldiers or civilians, the name of Morton

will be next to that of Stanton, Lincoln and Grant, Stanton and Morton following. It is a rare honor for a State to be able to have such an inspiring character to place in company of the greatest men in the States. In that illustrious procession in the Capitol at Washington the representative which Indiana added yesterday will ever hold a conspicuous place.

A PAN-AMERICAN CONGRESS.

The movement for another Pan-American Congress is well timed and apparently justified by circumstances. President McKinley is said to be warmly in favor of it, and the fact that the Republic of Mexico has agreed to send delegates to such a congress leads to the belief that all of the republics of Central and South America will do so. The object of the congress will be to bring all American republics into closer touch and establish closer commercial relations as well as a better political understanding among them. That something of the kind is needed is shown by figures published in Friday's Journal, from which it appears that within the last few years there has been a large falling off in trade between the United States and the Central and South American States. This is the more remarkable because our foreign trade in general, especially with European and Asiatic countries, has increased enormously during the same period. There must be a special reason for the decrease of our trade with Central and South American states, and the State Department attributes it to the insidious efforts of foreign enemies in disseminating false ideas and suspicions regarding the political aims and purposes of the United States. Efforts have been made, and it is said with some success, to make our southern neighbors believe that the United States has sinister designs on their political independence. It is important that this impression should be removed, and whether it is the cause of the falling off of trade with those countries or not such a congress as that suggested could hardly fail to have good results. Moreover, it will be an instructive commentary on the silly talk concerning a secret alliance between the United States and Great Britain. Nothing could be further removed from such an alliance than a movement originating with the United States to bring all American republics into closer touch, thus notifying European governments that the Monroe doctrine is not a barren ideal, and that "America for Americans" is a vital principle. The present administration has achieved some brilliant diplomatic triumphs in its dealings with old-world governments, and a Pan-American Congress may lead to equally important results in our relations with those of the new world.

CLUBS AND CLUBS.

It has come to the knowledge of the Journal through sundry inquiries that a considerable number of club members are puzzled over the recent effort to form a State Federation of Literary Clubs in Indiana. Since a State "union" of clubs already exists, they ask why a federation should be organized also. The explanation is this: Ten years ago a union of Indiana literary clubs was formed as an independent movement. It was not confined to women's clubs, but men's clubs and those composed of both men and women, of which there are a number in Indiana, were asked to join, and most of them did so. The union has been a harmonious body, its functions consisting mainly of holding annual meetings, in whose proceedings the "star" members of the individual clubs take part. Meanwhile, the general or National Federation of Women's Literary Clubs was formed, and several of the women's clubs in Indiana became members. This federation presently becoming unwieldy, it was decided to establish branch organizations in the shape of State Federations. The fact that the existing organization in Indiana contained men in its membership prevented its admission to the general society, which was distinctly feminine; hence the attempt to organize a separate and more acceptable body. Naturally, the effort was not entirely successful, since comparatively few clubs to whom the matter is fairly presented see anything to be gained by becoming officially attached to both bodies. Hence the little flurry in club circles.

To most men the purpose of the federation of literary clubs and the benefits hoped to be derived therefrom are deep and dark mysteries; on the other hand, women who are ardent advocates of organization for organization's sake and are determined to "federate" whether or no, discourse eloquently, though a trifle obscurely, in behalf of the movement. The Journal frankly confesses that it does not understand why the women engaged in the process of "improving their minds" wish to organize an army. It merely knows that some of them do, and some of them have. It has been asked to explain the situation and has endeavored to do so, according to the light vouchsafed it, and hopes to be regarded as entirely nonpartisan in its attitude to both "union" and "federation."

THE ENTICING MEN.

Great surprise would no doubt result if all the men and women who think they would like to go into the business of chicken raising were to send confession of their desires to the newspapers. There is something about the domestic hen which leads the inexperienced to regard her as an easily managed bird. She has a cheerful, friendly manner, and the manner, also, of being quite able to take care of herself. It is probably this apparent independence of character, indeed, which is the secret of her attraction. If the visions cherished by most of these would-be poultry growers were plainly set forth there is reason to suspect that they would show a remarkable uniformity. A pleasant rural scene would present itself—a house set in a smooth, shaded lawn, an orchard, a garden kept at a luxuriant state of growth by a few minutes' early morning work, and chickens straying comfortably over the meadow and down the road industriously picking up their own living; the owner of all this pleasing property comfortably reposing in a hammock reading the latest magazine, a pleasing consciousness in the background of his mind, the while, of large profits from eggs and spring chickens. The reality is not quite like this. The hen demands attention early and late. In her youth she is afflicted with gapes, in her maturity with cholera; at all seasons vermin pursue her. She demands to be fed frequently, and after she has consumed corn until she is lopsided she struts into the garden and scratches up the newly-

planted seeds and eats all the early peas and strawberries. She obstinately refuses to lay eggs when eggs are high-priced, and insists upon "sitting" when her time could be much more profitably employed. After her chickens are hatched she trails them through the wet grass when she must know that the results will be fatal. If an incubator is substituted for the time-honored maternal process it must be sat up with of nights lest the eggs be roasted, and even that precaution is not sure to prevent its taking fire and burning up the barn and house along with itself. Besides, an incubator costs money and is usually not counted in the bill of expenses by the numerous persons whose visions of poultry growing as an easy means of making a living brighten the dull routine of professional and commercial life. Only the wealthy can afford to undertake the business. Ex-President Hayes went into it, and undoubtedly derived pleasure if not profit from it. Ex-Vice President Morton is also raising chickens for a living, and sells the "spring" variety all the year round, having fifteen incubators constantly at work. Some highly aristocratic fowls of pedigree long enough to make their daughters of the revolution belong to his hennery. One haughty bird is valued at no less than \$400. Mr. Morton's hennery, dairy and vegetable garden combined bring him an income of over \$25,000 a year, but with a cow barn costing \$25,000 and other buildings in proportion, together with an attendant for every half dozen cows and every incubator, the expenses probably exceed the income. Mr. Morton has realized the dream that haunts the man who sits on an office stool the year round and sees chickens and their easy profits between the columns of figures. Being able to afford the luxury, Mr. Morton presumably enjoys it, and long may he continue to do so. The man on the stool with only \$2.50 in his pocket can better enjoy his chicken farm if he continues to view it in long perspective as one of the things he would like to have—a point of view where most coveted things of this world are at their best.

A great publishing house has, in a way, a distinct personality in the educational and literary world. The Appletons have been such a strong element in both these fields that the financial failure of the firm brings regret to the minds of many far beyond what would be felt in regard to a like embarrassment in another line of business. The Appletons are identified with the community through a long list of school-books, scientific works, periodicals and general literature, a book with their imprint carrying assurance that it was the best of its class. They have introduced a number of foreign writers to the American public, but have always been especially friendly to American authors, and were quick to recognize the merit of Westcott's "David Harum," after the story had been rejected by six other firms. They have also published a number of famous art books, the latest of which, a series of Goupi illustrations of the art treasures in the Louvre, is probably the greatest and most sumptuous work ever undertaken. It would be a real misfortune to the public if this firm were to go out of existence, but, according to the figures shown, this seems unlikely. The collapse is far from being as extensive as that of the Harpers, the embarrassment being due to an extensive installment system of collections from its patrons, and the borrowing of money in anticipation of collections not yet due. The house will undoubtedly be crippled for some time, but will probably continue in business. This failure, that of the Harpers, the separation of Doubleday & McClure and the movements of various smaller houses in New York and Boston show that a considerable commotion has existed in publishing circles and that the great flood of books has not meant a corresponding profit.

There seems to be a reaction from recent predictions regarding the passing of the horse. At a meeting of a breeders' association in Chicago a few days ago it was said that the introduction of automobiles had caused an increase in the popularity of the horse, and even trolley cars have not lessened the demand! It is admitted, however, that the old style farm horse and the jog-trot "Dobbin" of former days are doomed. Class horses, specially bred for particular kinds of work, farm work, heavy draft city work, etc., and fine stepping roadsters are the horses of the future. Instead of disappearing the horse seems to have been undergoing an evolution.

The eulogies which Senators Fairbanks and Beveridge pronounced yesterday upon the life and services of Oliver P. Morton, while unlike, were faithful portrayals of one of the masterful characters in the greatest crisis in our national life. The Indiana of the war stands in history as a leader very largely because Oliver P. Morton was Governor. The Indiana of to-day is to be congratulated because it has as Morton's successors in the Senate two men who could so eloquently speak for her as did our senators yesterday.

The great majority of women in the population of Massachusetts recently led a philanthropist among the legislators to offer an amendment to the marriage laws of the State providing that "no male citizen of Massachusetts shall be allowed to go out of the State for a wife until he files with the secretary of state an affidavit that he is unable to procure a wife in this commonwealth." Of course, other members unsympathetically rejected this proposed measure into the vast limbo of rejected laws, not stopping to reflect that by so doing they were perpetrating in literature and out the melancholy spinsters from whom Miss Wilkins draws her heroines.

A New York business firm has received from an out-of-town correspondent a letter which reads as follows: "Upon our recommendation Mr. and Mrs. —, of our city, will shortly visit your New York house with a view to making extensive purchases. If suited, they may prove to be valuable patrons. Be sure to pay particular attention to the tastes and wishes of Mrs. — (second wife). Kindly consider this communication confidential." With the superior influence of the second wife thus openly recognized as an element in trade, the man who rashly vows eternal fealty to No. 1 may hide his diminished head.

One of the Journal's exchanges, and a New York paper at that, in commenting on the new magazine called the Smart Set, makes the curious mistake of assuming that the word smart is used in the colloquial American sense of intelligent, instead of in the English sense of fine, fashionable or exclusive.

A reading of the magazine ought to have prevented that error.

Sarah Bernhardt frankly explains that she has taken to playing men's parts because less retain their youthfulness longer than the face does. But is the dramatic difference between Juliet and Hamlet, for instance, merely that between beauty and nimbleness of legs?

A Philadelphia judge has decided that the side door to a saloon is "open." But how will the patrons get in on Sundays and after 12 p. m., when the saloons are "closed?"

BUBBLES IN THE AIR.

The Filipinos.
With new problems politics this profit we evolve; they grant rest beneficial from the old ones we can't solve.

Superstition vs. Superstition.
"A horseshoe, you see, got wedged in the street."
"Did it derail your car?"
"Not much; my car is No. 13."

The Mad Guest.
Morn' rape at the door, but, no, O not; his mirth forego;
He, with snarling howls and hoots,
Brings in upon his boots.

An Irrational Diagnosis.
Doctor—I think you contracted this bad sore throat by running about the neighborhood with slippers on your feet.

Patient—Nonsense, doctor; I had on my heavy cloth suit and my fur box.

Firm as a Rock.

"Flavilla Flips is the most remarkable girl I know."

"In what special respect?"
"Why, there isn't a milliner in the world who can make her spend one cent more on a hat than she started out to spend."

Doris in Lent.

Though Doris absent-minded seems,
And does not hear a word I say,
Or answers like a girl in dreams,
I will not chide her, even in play.

How'er she treat me, I'll not turn—
Nay, not one teasing word I'll speak;
She muses on her wedding gown,
And marries me in Easter week.

Footnotes.
As a rule, the man with a tremolo in his voice has also a tremolo in his backbone.

By and large, the people who get deferred to are the people who act as if entitled to it.

A humorist is a person who can laugh at his own stories when somebody else tells them.

When a man is ashamed of his hard-working assistant, he probably inherited only the money he earned.

We are to love our neighbor, and he ought to love us enough to pay his own charges for use of our long-distance telephone.

In the spring, if it wasn't for the looks of the thing, every housekeeper would like to set up a "rummage sale" in her own front yard.

A man's man is one who enjoys a chat over a good cigar; a woman's woman is one who likes a bit of harmless gossip over a good cup of tea.

Many women keep other women humble during Lent by bragging them down about the sheets and pillow cases they are having made.

ABOUT PEOPLE AND THINGS.

The German Emperor is a believer in luck attending horseshoes, never passes one by, and was once seen walking home through the streets of Berlin carrying a huge shoe in his left hand.

Kuhn, Loeb & Co., of Wall street, New York, have given to the widow of a recently deceased employee a pension of \$7,000 a year, which is the full amount of the salary he was paid when alive.

Senator Depew is represented as feeling much depressed by the realization that his usefulness and effectiveness in Congress are greatly curtailed by the fact that he is an after-dinner speaker and a saver of good stories.

Lord Strathcona, the richest man in Canada, and the man who equipped a body of rough riders for South Africa, left England at the age of twenty as a Hudson Bay Company clerk. He now owns a controlling interest in the famous oil fields of Texas.

Senator Hoar, in beginning a speech, has a little series of motions which he unconsciously never fails to go through. First his hand goes to his throat and tie, then he pulls down his vest, then he fingers his watch chain, shakes his cuff loose, and clears his throat and begins.

Mrs. Blaine has purchased a lot of seven acres adjoining the city cemetery at August Meade, overlooking the Kennebec. Heich was a favorite place with Mr. Blaine. It is said that she contemplates having her husband's remains removed there from Oak Hill.

Young Henry Somerset, the son of Lady Henry Somerset, the temperance advocate, is among the volunteers that have started for South Africa. He is well known in this country for he was an undergraduate at Harvard, and has since traveled extensively through the West and Northwest.

General Cronje's property near Potchefstroom consists of more than six thousand acres. The farmhouse is a one-story building and is furnished with the utmost simplicity. Its owner is essentially a sportsman and a lover of open-air life. He declines to be a candidate for the Transvaal presidency—an office the holding of which involves the necessity of living in Pretoria.

Among the interesting things that have come into the Woman's Exchange of New York city recently are some beautiful lace belonging to the actress, Mrs. Blaine, which she wishes to sell. They are valuable, and if there is no occasion for using them the money is more satisfactory. The most valuable piece in the collection are a black Spanish lace skirt and blouse given to Mme. Jauschek by the Baroness Altheim. The price for these is \$2,000. A wide flounce of Brussels point lace is \$200, and a fichu to match is \$75. A Marie Antoinette fichu of Valenciennes edging and insertion is \$80. There are interesting histories connected with most of the pieces.

The Pan-American exposition which is to be held in Buffalo, N. Y., next year is to have many marvels of its own. The electric lighting will be the most brilliant exhibition of the kind ever attempted, according to the present plans. The main buildings will be grouped around a court of fountains, sunken gardens of tropical flowers and an esplanade. This inclosure of about 100,000 square feet will be lighted by more than 100,000 incandescent lamps. At one end of the court there will be an electrical tower 300 feet high, and from its side, at a height of seventy feet, a cascade will fall, the water from it breaking up as it falls, under the play of primitive lights. There will be a lake and a basin filled with fountains and statuary, which will also be electrically illuminated.

"I cannot sing the old songs,"
She sang, in mournful chant,
Her bosom rose and loudly cried:
"Well, we should say you can't."

—Baltimore American.

"Your appetite is like a bird's,"
He said to coy Miss Chatter.
He did not learn till afterward
She was an ostrich farmer.

—Philadelphia Press.

Let us believe
That there is hope for all the hearts that grieve;

That somewhere night
Drifts to a morning battle with light.

And that the wrong—
Though now it triumphs—wields no sceptre long.

But right will reign,
Throned where the waves of error beat in vain.

—Frank L. Stanton.

Very Plain.

The administration seems to be very much behind the question: "What shall we do for Porto Rico?" The answer is easy. "Our plain duty," of course.

AN ADVENTURE IN AFRICA.

THE CONSUL TO ZANZIBAR ENCOUNTERS A MURDEROUS NATIVE.

White Man's Prerogative Too Freely Exercised Excites Anger—Faithful Servant to the Rescue.

Correspondence of the Indianapolis Journal.
ZANZIBAR, Feb. 14.—Along the foothills of the Usambara mountains, about sixty miles from Tanga, a pretty little coast town in German East Africa, some German farmers have established a number of large coffee plantations, and with characteristic enterprise are building up a new industry in East Africa. It was while on a trip from Tanga to these coffee plantations that I met with a rather exciting experience. I had as a traveling companion a young German, who had an uncle living on one of the plantations. We left Tanga in the morning by train over a little narrow-gauge railroad that runs out in the direction of the mountains a distance of about thirty miles. From the terminus of the railroad we had to walk to our destination. We took with us some porters to carry our luggage and provisions, and two servant boys. Some eight or ten miles from the terminus of the railroad there are some Makuti huts, or bungalows, where people coming down from or going out to the European settlement in the Usambara range can find shelter for the night. It was after noon when we left the railroad, and late in the evening when we arrived at the bungalow, where we were to stop for the night. Just before reaching the bungalow, where some natives, whom, judging from their appearance, we took to be Wadigo, a heathen tribe that is very numerous along the coast country, one of them, who looked to be a half-caste Arab, was sitting by the roadside, his feet extending across the trail. I was walking in front of our little caravan, and when I came up to where the man was sitting he made no effort to get out of the way. I fear that a ten-mile march through the sand under a tropical sun had not had the effect of improving my amiability, and I spoke to him in Swahili, rather sharply, ordering him out of the way. To my surprise he paid no attention. He is one of the customs of the East, and particularly in the case of a white man, stand any impudence from a native. So I proceeded to impress my desire upon the fellow and punish him for his insolence by kicking him out of the way. He got up slowly, not even looking around, and started off, picking his way deliberately among some thorn bushes that grew by the roadside, and into which the force of the kick had sent him. When he had gone a short distance he looked back over his shoulder, and I saw then that he had a most malicious face. There were hatred and murder in his look. "Pala wa chinjaan daka kama tazama Bwana," said my faithful Swahili servant, who had seen the sullen, malicious look of the man as he slunk away in the bush. He had warned me to look out for the man.

We were soon in camp and the odor of boiling coffee and the smell of cooking food caused me to forget the episode with the native on the road. After supper the pipes were lighted, and my German companion and I sat for a long time smoking and enjoying the novelty of a night under the whispering palms in Africa. When we retired we occupied separate bungalows, but very near and facing each other. The porters and servants were to occupy a hut some distance from those selected for ourselves, but to my surprise my servant boy, Juma, declared his intention of sleeping on the baraza, which is a common feature in all native houses. It is a place built usually of stone and mud, against the wall beside the front door, to a height of eighteen inches or two feet, and about as wide as it is high. It is covered and protected from the sun and rain by the thatch roof projecting over it. It is used by the natives, who have no chairs, as a place to sit during the day, and frequently as a place to sleep.

A MIDNIGHT ASSAULT.
As I lay in the center of the hut, the light of a tropical full moon shedding a flood of silver light through the open door, I thought of the many stories of African life that had excited my boyish fancy. But the fatigue of the tramp during the day had worn the edge of my nerves, and I soon fell asleep. How long I slept I could not tell, but suddenly I found myself wide awake staring out into the brilliant moonlight. I was convinced that I had slept several hours for the moon had changed so that a deep shadow fell across the front of the bungalow. Directly in front of the hut I was occupying were a number of palm trees. The moonlight, streaming through their feathery fronds was weaving strange shadows upon the ground. As I lay there looking out upon the moonlit scene, I saw a dark object passing quickly from the shadow of one tree to another. It occurred to me that it was some wild animal. And when I remembered that we were in a country where leopards and lions roam in their native freedom; where hyenas and jackals are common and where even elephants and rhinoceroses still wander about miscellaneous, I felt that one of the beasts would not be a welcome guest in the bungalow at night. But as I watched and waited, I saw the form of a man clearly outlined in the moonlight. As he stood close to one of the trees near the bungalow I could see that he was naked, except for a loin cloth, and I also saw the flash of polished steel and knew that he had a knife in his hand. What did he want? What could he mean by prowling about at that time in the night? were questions that I asked myself.

Then I saw the form drop to the ground and move slowly towards the door of the hut. The moon was shining brightly upon an open space he had to cross, and I could see his movements plainly. As he crouched like that of a wild beast, crawling cautiously towards its prey. Suddenly it occurred to me that it was the half-caste Arab to whom I had administered the kick on the previous evening, and that he had come for revenge. Slipping from the bunk upon which I was lying, I made my way carefully to the farther corner of the hut, where I was shielded by the darkness, and from where I could see plainly any object entering the door. With revolver in hand I stood waiting for the man to enter, feeling sure that he would, on reaching the door, stop to survey the surroundings and endeavor to locate his victim before making the attack. It was my plan to wait till he exposed himself to view. In the door, and then send a bullet through in the door, and then to wait, for soon the cat-like form rose above the slight elevation at the door, and the man's body darkened the entrance to the bungalow.

What if the revolver should miss fire? What if in the excitement of the moment, my aim should be off? I fancied that I could feel the wild roar of the savage upon me, and hear the wailing of the murdered man.

From "Hymns of the Marshes."
Ye marshes, how candid and simple and nothing
Withholding and free
Ye justify yourselves to the sky and offer your
Tolerant arms to the sea and the rains
And the sun.

Ye stirred and span like the catholic man who
bath mightily won
God out of knowledge and good out of infinite
pain,
And wash out of blindness and purity out of a
stain.

As the marshes secretly build on the watery
Behold, they will build me a nest on the greatness
of God;
I will try the greatness of God as the marshes
try the sea.

In the freedom that fills all the space 'twixt the
marshes and the sea
I will be as free as the marsh-grass seeds in
By so many roots as the marsh-grass seeds in
I will be as free as the marsh-grass seeds in
Oh, like to the greatness of God is the greatness
of the marshes, the liberal marshes of
Greece.

—Edith Langer.

knife as it was driven into my body. To cry out for help would only precipitate matters. There was no time to consider expedients. Holding the revolver as to as to cover the man's chest, I pressed my finger on the trigger. Just then another man came like a catapult upon the one in the door, and the next instant the two men were struggling upon the ground outside. The confusion soon brought the German and the servants to the scene, and the would-be murderer was securely bound hand and foot.

Then I knew my Swahili boy, Juma, had insisted on sleeping upon the baraza in front of my bungalow. It was he who had discovered the man, and waiting until he had reached the door, had sprung upon him from behind, pinning his arms, and prevented him from carrying out his design. We kept the man pinned until the next morning, and after giving him some food, tied him to a tree and let the servant boys exercise themselves upon him with a kikoko, a kind of cane made from rhinoceros skin. It is a common instrument of torture in Africa, and was invented by the slave traders, who, during the days of slavery, put it to cover the backs of slaves. I myself took a turn at the villain who had attempted to murder me, and when we got through with him he had thirty lashes to his credit, across his naked back. And I have as a souvenir an oddly shaped, curiously made native knife.

R. E. MANSFIELD.

LITERARY NOTES.

Robert Grant has in press a new novel of contemporary American life entitled "Unleashed Bread."

"The Green Flag" is the title of the forthcoming book of short stories by Dr. Conan Doel. The author finished correcting the proofs just before his departure for South Africa.